

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 564.—Vol. XI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ENGLISH POMPEII.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

Wroxeter hardly perhaps merits such a flattering title. But there is no knowing if exploration as systematic as that carried on in the dead city by Vesuvius would not yield results to Wroxeter as remarkable as those which astonish visitors to the Naples Museum. It is ascertained that Wroxeter's boundaries lie within a circuit of about three miles. Hitherto, a few hundred square yards of ploughed field are all that have been excavated, and here we see quite enough to make us wish for more. The rest of the city is hidden under cultivated land; its very walls are traceable only with the eye of faith, assisted by a certain antiquarian instinct. Coins, bones, hair-pins, and inscribed stones are now and again turned up by the ploughshare. But for years there has been no further attempt to disturb the interests of the agriculturist for the profit, possibly, of the archaeologist.

The Wrekin stands towards Wroxeter almost as Vesuvius does towards Pompeii. It is only some four or five miles distant: a noble wooded excrescence, that takes a different shape according to the point of the compass whence you view it. From the east and north-east a man might be excused for fancying it a dormant volcano. It has the outline of one, and at least a suggestion of the volcanic dimple at its summit. But of course it is only a dear, harmless, old mountain, the pride of Shropshire, and one of the best appreciated places of picnic in the Midlands. Yet, for all that, it doubtless had an intimate connection with Wroxeter or Uriconium a millennium and a half ago. There was a camp on the Wrekin; and without much exercise of fancy, one may believe that the soldiers on their airy perch had a code of signals for communication with the officials of the city so near to them. Wroxeter is of course only a corruption of Wreckinchester, even as Uri-

conium is closely akin to Wriconium. This somewhat paltry little assemblage of wall-fragments and the basements of houses and baths, as now it is seen, gets wondrous dignity from its association with the Wrekin.

It is not a very easy place to reach. The nearest railway station is two miles and a half away; and that is but a village stopping-place, with infrequent trains. From Wellington and Shrewsbury it is about equidistant: some six miles. The walk from either of these towns is well worth making. The Salop air is supremely good: it is a fine open country, and the Wrekin is an object that holds the attention all the way. Moreover, we are from Shrewsbury more or less in the Vale of Severn. The river is never far away, and where it is crossed at the peaceful hamlet of Atcham, it has a breadth and dignity worthy of an American stream. The wooded demesne of Allingham Hall gives rich colour to the landscape by Atcham, and it is from the south-eastern lodge gate of the Hall that one finally leaves the high-road to descend to the modest but sweetly pretty existing village of Wroxeter, on a knoll above the Severn, with fair outlook towards the mountains of Wales, across many a mile of ploughed field, meadow-land, and forest.

Both Atcham Church and Wroxeter Church, as well as other buildings in the neighbourhood, owe something of their material to the old Romans of Wroxeter. The district walls, too, are in parts a diverting compound of the work of masons of two very different epochs. And yet it is almost possible for the pedestrian—and certainly for the cyclist—to pass through Wroxeter without having an inkling that he is in no ordinary English village. The Roman pillars at the church gate ought, however, to be instant enlightenment to the man of a logical turn; and in the garden of the house on the south side of the church may be seen a cold-looking but very classical bower of ancient sculptured stones. For the rest, the church is just one of the heavy, stump-towered edifices

which abound in Shropshire, and apparently the twin of that of Atcham, two miles nearer Shrewsbury. It has many dainty chiselled fragments let into its wall-work, however; and its font is a large mass of stone transferred from the ruins many years ago. To the common tourist, who likes his 'sights' to appeal boldly to his eyes rather than to his understanding, the sixteenth-century tombs in the church are sure to seem the best things in Wroxeter. From certain aspects they are so. It is not often one discovers in England such admirably preserved recumbent marble figures. They form a most agreeable lesson in early English costume and handicraft. Wroxeter may be congratulated, indeed, on having so notably weathered the storm of iconoclasm which broke with such cruel fury over the rest of the land in the time of the Puritans. It were interesting to know what saved these monuments: local protectorate or the village's remoteness. Probably the latter influence; and not improbably the soothing beauty of the prospect across Severn's silvery stream, here pellucid and altogether charming with brambly braes, beneath the half-covert of which one may see the kingfisher flash by like an animated morsel of a rainbow. One is prone to beget fond idyllic thoughts in such a spot. Severn looks foul enough a few miles north and a few miles south, affected by the sewage of Shrewsbury in the one case, and that of Ironbridge in the other. But the river has meandered some eight or nine miles ere it reaches Wroxeter, so that its filth has had time to precipitate itself. Like enough, it is still as clear under the shadow of the village as it was a dozen and a half centuries ago, when the Romans crossed it by the local ford. Watling Street runs through the heart of Wroxeter and across the Severn here; but there are traces, faint yet conjecturable, of a bridge also, which must have been as necessary for the Romans in flood-time as for posterity.

The little nucleus of the Roman city uncovered is kept under strict control. The blacksmith has the key of the gate, and of course there is a fee, though not a fixed one. One must not expect such learned or even fluent 'ciceroni' here as at Pompeii, where the simple visitor is astounded by his guide's show of erudition. But there is a charm about the well-intentioned talk of the village wiseacre, as good in its way as that of the finished antiquary's. He mixes things up delightfully, and, like as not, points to a heap of ox and deer bones as human remains, and gazes at you to see if you shudder as you ought. Such terrible outlandish terms as 'sudatorium' and 'hypocaust' he takes at a canter, and is much averse to repeat. But he is a good-natured fellow at heart, and quite willing to enjoy a pipe, sitting on a crumbling fragment of a house-wall while you make notes or take photographs (including his) by the half-hour. Time was when better things were to be seen there than the present poor little spectacle. There was even something of an inscription like those which excite so many 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' at Pompeii: an inscription which especially appealed to the learned for its incomprehensibility. But fanatic

ical pleasure-seekers made an end of this fair problem: they poked it to pieces with their walking-sticks. Since then, everything portable has been carried off to the Shrewsbury Museum, where they may be seen to this day. But it is, we repeat, nothing like as rich a collection of trifles as might be expected from a more methodical research. Just a corner of the city has been opened out: that is all. It is as if the metropolis were smothered, and our ancestors were to pass opinions about its importance, based upon the results yielded by an acre or two of Leather Lane. At the same time, it must be remembered that Wroxeter owes its ruin to other causes than that of Pompeii. It was probably sacked time after time by Picts and Welshmen, and its blanket of earth has been woven upon it gradually, not all in a few hours, like Pompeii's.

The relics found here seem to confirm this conjecture. Skeletons have been removed from the hypocausts still in the crouching attitude they assumed when hiding from the marauders. They may have been suffocated while they lay thus hid. One, that of an old man, lay near a heap of coins, which it is supposed he was trying to save. They were not very valuable coins, according to the estimate of a nineteenth-century collector. But we may imagine them to have been his hoard of a lifetime. This lends to the discovery a true touch of pathos. The bones of women and children have also been unearthed in the houses, lying where they would certainly not have been buried. These also seem to testify to the crowning massacre, after which Uriconium was given to the flames, and its era of desolation set in. The date of this calamity has been ascribed to the sixth century, and it is certainly not improbable that the able-bodied Britons who escaped from Wroxeter made their way to Pengwern—which we know as Shrewsbury—and there helped to swell that rude settlement on the rock by Severn's side and among the willows and alders along its banks.

In the middle ages, Wroxeter existed only in its fragment of upstanding wall. But the old city was never quite forgotten in the neighbourhood. Those were the credulous days when old ruined places were believed to be haunted. To some extent this belief was a protection to such places, though it does not seem to have been strong enough to hinder the builders of Abbeys and Halls from appropriating their materials. Now and again, however, a rumour would spread that treasure lay hid under these mysterious remains of ancient habitations. From an old Chronicle of the monks of Worcester, we learn that Wroxeter was especially concerned in these quests. In 1287, for example, the devil was raised by arts of enchantment and forced to say something about 'urns and a ship, and a house, with an immense quantity of gold,' buried in the vicinity of the ruins. Unfortunately, we do not know the result of this particular search, though it may have been kindred to that mentioned by Eytton, the county historian, and which ended in the imprisonment of certain persons for digging at Wroxeter late in the thirteenth century. These individuals confessed on trial

that they had found nothing. This assuaged the wrath of the feudal lord, who then set them at liberty. It was next to nothing to his feudal lordship that in digging for treasure the depredators did grievous damage to the various structural remains of Wroxeter. Those were not the times for an enlightened appreciation of Roman arts.

Among the more interesting finds at Wroxeter were several moulds for forging Roman coins; at least, that is how the objects have been classified. But in justice to the character of the old city's inhabitants, it must be said that they may have been lawful mints for local use. Certainly there seems to have been no lack of cash of a kind in the place. From time immemorial, so-called 'dynders' (corrupted from 'denarii') have been upturned by the spade and the plough within the city's bounds. Nor could the industry of rubbish-picking have been much in request in old Wroxeter; for at the foot of a brief staircase used as a receptacle for the sweeping of the floors, the earth 'to the height of about sixteen or eighteen inches was filled with all kinds of objects, such as coins, hair-pins, fibulæ, needles in bone, nails, various articles in iron, bronze, and lead, glass, broken pottery, bones of edible animals and birds, stags' horns, tusks and hoofs of wild-boars, oyster-shells, in one of which lay the shell of a large nut, &c.' Samples of all these curios may be seen in the Shrewsbury Museum, which fulfils the part towards Wroxeter so worthily filled by the Naples Museum towards disinterred Pompeii.

As a proof that Wroxeter in the zenith of its fame enjoyed some of the luxuries of civilisation, a certain medicine stamp must be mentioned. It was used by one Tiberius Claudius, physician, to mark the bottles of a mixture which he sold for eye complaints. This relic also may be seen at Shrewsbury.

Of inscribed stones Wroxeter has not yielded great store. Probably more of them are incorporated in local walls and pavements than the district wots of. In the library of Shrewsbury College, however, there may be seen two, commemorating soldiers of the twentieth and fourteenth legions respectively, who died here, aged fifty-one and eighteen. In 1862 another sepulchral stone was found bearing an epitaph over which the antiquaries have been somewhat puzzled. It is enough here to give its last line, which embodies advice as good for our age as for the men and women of the first century after Christ: 'Live honestly while the time to live is given you.'

Little remains to be said about this defunct city. The man who visits it and does not take his imagination with him will be disappointed in it, in spite of the little area of white mosaic flooring and the herring-bone tile pattern, about which the guide may be expected to say a few words. These are the most impressive details of Wroxeter's remains as seen at Wroxeter; and in themselves they are not thrilling. Yet the place deserves to be visited, even as the surrounding fields deserve to be somewhat systematically explored. But the Romans and their walls apart, the little village itself, on its knoll above Severn's winding stream, is good to

get acquainted with. Life moves on its way here as quietly and swiftly as the river. It is a typical English village of the best kind, in which much happiness may be enjoyed cheek by jowl with the most positive monotony of existence.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XIX.—MR TEMPEST'S ADVICE.

It was by no means easy for O'Neil to know what he ought to do, especially as regarded Lady Boldon; but he thought he could hardly be doing wrong if he instructed a solicitor to appear for Thesiger the next time he was brought before the magistrate. He went, therefore, to Mr Downey, a well-known criminal lawyer, and laid the case before him. The solicitor showed that he at least knew how to fulfil the apostolic injunction, 'Be swift to hear, slow to speak'; he listened very carefully, and said very little. So far as he could make out, O'Neil thought that Mr Downey was of opinion that Hugh and Lady Boldon had planned and executed the crime in concert with each other.

'The first thing to do,' said Mr Downey, 'is to retain an experienced counsel. Do you propose to take a brief yourself?'

'I might take one; but I ought to have a leader,' returned Terence; 'and I think we had better have a stuff rather than a Q.C., so that he may appear in the police court.'

'What do you say to Mr Tempest?'

'The very man! I read with him, and we are great friends; so we shall understand one another thoroughly. He has plenty of experience; and in spite of his quiet manner, he's first-rate at getting a verdict.'

Mr Tempest was a specimen of a class of men who are pretty numerous at the English bar—men whose abilities have remained unknown, and who have therefore continued in poverty and obscurity till their hair has turned gray and their hearts have become sick with hope deferred. A lucky chance, such as comes—sometimes—to those who wait half a lifetime for it, had brought Tempest before the public, and given him an opportunity of showing what was in him. Almost at once, work had come in, and from that day it had never ceased to pour in upon him.

As O'Neil expected, he found Mr Tempest at his chambers. The 'rising junior' was not a man who cared to take a long holiday. The greeting between Tempest and his old pupil was of the friendliest nature.

'Light your pipe, my boy, if you have one about you—you generally have. That's right. I don't care about cigar-smoking in chambers; the smell lasts so confoundedly long. Now, sit down, and let us have a chat.'

'You won't guess what I have come here for,' said Terence, when the pipes had been set fairly a-going.

'You've got a brief, and you want to ask my advice on some point,' said the other with a smile.

'Wrong. I've come to offer you a retainer.'

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'You! You can't.'

'I'm the client—at least, I'm acting for him; and I've put the case into Downey's hands. He agreed that you were the best man we could have; and his clerk will be along presently with a retainer.'

'All right. What's the case about?'

'It's that case of poor Thesiger, who'—

Mr Tempest's face fell. 'I can't take it,' he said abruptly. 'I've just been briefed on the other side.'

'You don't say so! How unlucky! I thought old Busby was for the prosecution.'

'So he was; but he has been offered a police magistrateship somewhere in the north, and he sent back the papers.'

'Well, I suppose there's no more to be said,' returned Terence; and the two men began to talk about other subjects. Tempest noticed, however, that his young friend's attention was wandering; and after a time O'Neil began—'Tempest, I find myself placed in a very delicate and difficult situation, and I want your advice.'

The older man smiled. 'You know what asking advice generally means, O'Neil—simply trying to get somebody's approbation for doing what you want to do.'

'No, no; that's not my case,' said Terence earnestly. 'I'm in a difficulty. I don't know how to act.'

'Then I'm ready to hear you, my dear fellow, and advise you to the best of my power.'

'Thank you. You will excuse my not mentioning names, of course. Suppose you were acting for somebody, either as guardian or legal adviser, or simply as a friend, let us say, for some one in a foreign country, or otherwise unable to help himself.'

Mr Tempest nodded.

'And suppose this friend should be accused of a serious crime. And suppose you came upon a piece of evidence which it was greatly to his advantage should be produced, but which tended to incriminate another person, one to whom your friend was deeply attached, say a near relation, so that you knew your friend would rather it were suppressed, would you produce it, or keep it back?'

Mr Tempest smoked for some moments in silence. 'Would the production of this evidence exculpate the supposed friend?' he asked at length.

'Not exactly. It would not prove his innocence; but it would greatly reduce his guilt, by showing that he was acting at the instigation of another, who had great influence over him.'

'Then I think the evidence you speak of ought not to be suppressed,' said Tempest gravely. 'The only way in which you can avoid the duty of producing it is to resign your position of guardian, or agent, or legal adviser, or whatever it is. Tell your friend he must find some one else to act for him.'

'That is impossible,' said Terence quickly. 'He would make no effort to defend himself, and even go to penal servitude—or worse—sooner than do anything to harm the main actor in the crime. I see the truth must be told.' He was silent for a moment, and then

resumed—'As soon as it comes out, you will be informed of it by the Crown authorities, so there can be no harm in my telling you now. I have been talking of Thesiger's case all along. He and I, you know, are great friends, and he has no one else to defend him, for he will not stir hand or foot to help himself. He was a perfect stranger to Mr Felix—at least, they had only a nodding acquaintance. But poor Felix was solicitor to the late Sir Richard Boldon; and Thesiger is engaged to Sir Richard's widow, Lady Boldon—or at least he was deeply in love with her.'

As O'Neil was speaking these words he noticed that the hand with which his friend was carrying a lighted vesta to his pipe suddenly stopped. Tempest's gaze was fixed on the bits of burning wax, but he did not seem to notice that the light threatened to scorch his fingers.

'It may be,' continued Terence, 'that relations of some kind subsisted between Lady Boldon and Mr Felix. That, however, is only a guess on my part. What I do know is, that the prescription by which the drug that killed Mr Felix was procured still exists. It is in my pocket now. And beyond a doubt, it is in Lady Boldon's handwriting.'

At these words, Tempest started visibly, and threw a searching look at his friend.

'That match is going to burn your fingers,' said Terence.

Tempest threw the vesta into the empty fireplace. 'O'Neil,' he said, 'I am going to ask you a question, which you need not answer unless you like. Did you write an anonymous letter to the police about this affair?'

'I!' exclaimed Terence, bending forward in his chair, while a heavy frown gathered on his handsome young face. 'Certainly not. What do you take me for? An anonymous letter! I never wrote such a thing in my life!'

'I believe you, old fellow,' said Tempest quietly. 'I only wanted to have your specific assurance. But some one, presumably some friend of Thesiger's who does not want to appear, has written an anonymous letter to the chief commissioner of police; and in fact that was our real ground for asking a remand the other day. It will not be in the power of the police to take any action in the matter without the public getting to know of it, so I may as well tell you that in consequence of that letter the police are going to apply for a warrant to search Lady Boldon's house in the country.'

It was now O'Neil's turn to start.

'Of course, you will not take any action upon this in the meantime,' said Mr Tempest. 'But I advise you to hand over the prescription you got hold of to the people at Scotland Yard—that is, if you agree with me that it ought not to be held back. It certainly is an important document; and it fits in exactly with the information in the anonymous letter.'

'May I ask what the information was?'

'Simply a hint that if the police wanted to get to the bottom of the "Chancery Lane Mystery," as the papers call it, they had better make a thorough search of the house at Roby Chase.'

'It is very odd. I can't think who can have sent that letter,' remarked O'Neil.

'Oh, I fancy there is hardly a case that attracts public interest, in which the police don't get suggestions from anonymous correspondents. Some of them are of use occasionally,' answered Mr Tempest.—'You're going? Well, good-day. Next time you come to bring me news of a retainer, I hope I shall be able to take it.'

O'Neil followed his friend's advice, and placed the prescription which he had found at Hope Cottage in the hands of the authorities. And then, not unnaturally, he began to entertain doubts about the prudence of his conduct. As Tempest had told him, he could not continue to act for Thesiger and neglect this obvious means of serving his friend's interests; yet it seemed a dreadful thing that he should have acted as informer against Lady Boldon behind Thesiger's back. He wanted Hugh to know, at least, what the state of affairs now was; he wanted him to know that danger threatened Lady Boldon; and above all, he wished to impress upon him the necessity for abandoning his former attitude and standing strictly on the defensive. He therefore paid another visit to the prison. Hugh was thin and pale, as a matter of course; but he seemed less crushed by the calamity that had befallen him than Terence had feared to see him. The old pleasant smile lit up his face, when O'Neil entered his cell.

'Well, Terence, I see you are not one of those who are only fair-weather friends,' he said, holding out his hand.

O'Neil grasped it, and shook it heartily.

'Have you no scruple about taking the hand of a murderer?' asked Thesiger, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

'If you had been a murderer, you would not have offered me your hand, as you know very well,' retorted O'Neil, as he seated himself. 'And I have come to warn you not to go on repeating to other people, and, above all, not to repeat in court, the nonsense you talked to me the other day about your being guilty of poisoning or drugging poor Mr Felix. You did nothing of the kind—or at least whatever you did was at the bidding of—some one else.'

Thesiger made no reply, but regarded his friend with a steady look, which said—'I hear what you say; but I am resolved to commit myself to nothing.'

'Hugh,' said Terence, after a pause, 'I am sorry to give you pain; but it is better that you should know the truth. Any idea you may have of sacrificing yourself in order to shield Lady Boldon had better be abandoned. It is known that the prescription for the cocaine'—

'Well—what of that?' asked the prisoner sharply.

'Why, you know,' said O'Neil in a shamefaced, hesitating way, 'it is in the lady's handwriting.'

One would have thought, from the air and demeanour of the two men, that O'Neil was the culprit, and that the real prisoner was his accuser. Thesiger continued to look steadily at his visitor for a few moments, and then burst into a laugh.

Terence was so surprised that he started from his seat.

'You laugh at this!' he exclaimed.

'I laugh to think of you and the other wisecrackers making a mountain out of a molehill in that way,' he said. 'Why, the fact is, my dear fellow, Lady Boldon had been suffering from neuralgia for some days before this; and she had heard, or read somewhere, that this drug, cocaine, was a remedy for the complaint. So, when we came up to town, she asked me to get her the prescription made up at a druggist's; and I did so. That's all.'

'But, Hugh, why on earth didn't you say all this at first?'

Thesiger's face reddened.

'I had my reasons for holding my tongue,' he answered. 'But I see now that it is better to be frank about it. I admit that I bought the cocaine, and I can explain my doing so.'

'Yes; you bought it for Lady Boldon. That accounts for the prescription being in her handwriting. But why, then, did you keep the stuff, instead of giving it to her?'

To this Hugh made no answer.

'I suppose the chemist's boy was right, when he identified the fragments of the glass phial found under your bedroom grate?' asked Terence.

'Yes; it was the same phial. It was foolish of me to throw the thing under the grate; but the Temple is not an easy place to throw anything of that kind away in, so as to get completely rid of it.'

Terence fell into a brown-study. Surely, he was thinking, if Hugh had really wished to get rid of this evidence of his crime, he might easily have done so. Could it be that he had wished the broken phial to be found in his room after he had gone?

'Now, Terence, you may as well go home and forget all this,' said Hugh, laying his hand familiarly on his friend's shoulder. 'Forget it, that is to say, as far as you can, until the thing comes into court. Then, if you like to defend me, nominally under Downey's instructions, I shall be much obliged. It is more respectable to be attended by one of the faculty; and you may be able to get a verdict of manslaughter. In the absence of any proof as to motive, and the drug not being necessarily a poisonous one, you may reduce it to manslaughter.'

'Thesiger!' burst out Terence, 'how can you think and talk of it so coolly! You know very well that the crime was not really yours—that even if it was your hand that administered the cocaine, which I am not at all sure of, it was Lady Boldon's mind that contrived the crime, and her prompting that inspired you to do it.'

Thesiger's face flushed, and a frown gathered on his brow. 'Terence, my dear fellow, you are talking of what you know nothing about,' he said. 'Lady Boldon inspired me to do nothing—nothing at all, except to buy some cocaine for her neuralgia; and she spoke of that in the most open way possible. Why should you mix up her name in this unfortunate business?'

'It is not my fault if her name is dragged

into the matter!' cried Terence impulsively; 'but it cannot be kept out. I was told'—he hesitated for a moment, and then added, almost in a whisper—'I was told that the police intend to search Roby Chase to-night, or early to-morrow morning.'

Hugh could not repress a start. 'They may search as much as they please,' he said quickly; but O'Neil thought he saw signs of anxiety in his friend's face.

'Terence,' said the prisoner, in a low, earnest tone, 'don't think me ungrateful for your kindness. Indeed, your goodness is very great. You are the one man who has stood by me, and tried to help me. But you can do me no good. And it is possible that you may do harm without knowing it. You will oblige me exceedingly by saying no more about the matter. In fact, you may as well do what I ask, for I tell you plainly that I shall answer no more questions on the subject. I shall not even make any remarks about it. Drop it—there's a good fellow—drop it.'

Of course, after this there was no more to be said; and after a few minutes of rather constrained talk on other topics, O'Neil left the prison.

He felt more mystified than ever. He believed that Hugh was telling the truth about the purchase of the cocaine; and indeed he remembered that Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia before he himself had left Roby Chase. If she and Hugh had not been acting together in this dreadful business, how came the phial to be found in Hugh's bedroom? That was only one of a dozen difficulties that suggested themselves to O'Neil's mind; yet now he felt—he could hardly tell why—less certain that the theory he had formed was the true one. Hugh's demeanour, the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes, were those of a man whose conscience was at ease. O'Neil was now inclined to believe that Lady Boldon had herself, for her own purposes, and unaided, drugged the old lawyer; and that Thesiger, to whom she must have confessed what she had done, was screening her, at the cost of his own good name, his liberty, and all that men hold dear.

TRADERS' TOKENS.

DURING the sixteenth century the national coinage was so unsatisfactory and inconvenient that large numbers of private traders and merchants were impelled to have halfpence and farthings manufactured for themselves. These 'Tokens,' as they were called, were made of lead, pewter, latten, tin, and even leather, and could only be made use of as currency at the shops or warehouses of their respective issuers. Notwithstanding the endeavours made during several reigns to put a stop to the circulation of this unauthorised coinage, Traders' Tokens continued to multiply to an astonishing extent, until, in 1672, a proclamation was issued, prohibiting their making or use under severe penalties. From that date until 1787 the issue of private tokens entirely ceased; but in the latter year, owing to the great scarcity of Government

copper coin, the Anglesey Copper Mines Company struck and put into circulation some three hundred tons of copper pence and halfpence. The bold example thus set was speedily followed by other trading firms all over the kingdom, and again the Government found it necessary to take action in the matter, which they did by issuing a new national copper coinage from the Soho Works, Birmingham. For some years the issue of private tokens was thus effectually checked; but in 1811, the authorised coinage again getting scarce, the Copper Companies and others recommenced the issue of batches of tokens. This went on until the 27th of July 1817, when the manufacture was prohibited by Act of Parliament, and all tokens in currency ordered to be withdrawn from circulation by the 1st of January 1818.

In this article it is proposed to deal only with the tokens of the latter end of the eighteenth, and the early part of the nineteenth century. As might be supposed, London took the lead in this wholesale manufacture of private tokens, and the specimens from that city are numerous. One very good halfpenny piece, issued in 1795, by Clark & Harris, 13 Wormwood Street, Bishopsgate, bears on the obverse a well executed portrait of 'George Washington, the Firm Friend to Peace & Humanity;' and on the reverse, a representation of a grate or fireplace, which probably points to the trade carried on by the firm. Another is 'Payable at the Residence of Messrs Symonds, Winterbotham, Ridgeway, & Holt,' and is dated 'Newgate, 1793;' while the design contains a front elevation of the dismal and forbidding-looking jail. 'Dodds, Cheap Shop for Musical Instruments, New Street, Covent Garden,' issued a halfpenny in 1795, bearing a portrait of the composer Handel, and the legend, 'Instruments Tun'd & Lent to Hire.' A pretty token of 1794, with the royal arms on the obverse, and a representation of a candle-making machine on the reverse, informs the public that it comes from the shop of Francis Shackleton, London, who sells 'Fine Mould and Store Candles;' while an inscription on the edge—a very common peculiarity about these tokens—states that it is 'Payable in Suffolk Street, Hay-Market.' Another very fine token was issued in 1795 by Schooling & Son, Scale-makers, No. 44 Bishopsgate Within. On one side is a figure of Justice blindfold, holding a sword and scales, while beside her are the various standard weights. On the reverse is a grate, with a kettle on the hob, surrounded by an inscription stating that the firm's manufactory is in Crispin Street, Spitalfields, where they carry on business as furnishing ironmongers and smiths. A token bearing a bust of John Howard, the prison philanthropist, has nothing to show its origin except the inscription, 'Payable in London' round the edge. A very handsome coin of 1787 has the monogram 'P. M. Co.' in the centre of the die, surrounded by the legend, 'We Promise to Pay the Bearer One Penny.' This is carried out on the edge thus, 'On Demand in London, Liverpool, or Anglesey.' The Cheadle Copper and Brass Company circulated a penny token in 1812, payable in London, Cheadle, and Neath.

Of English provincial tokens there is a great variety. A Hull halfpenny, issued in 1794, has on the obverse a bust of Admiral Howe, and the legend, 'Earl Howe & The Glorious First of June'—an obvious reference to the great naval victory of that date. On the reverse are a sceptre and palm-branch crossed, surmounted by a royal crown, and encircled by rays; while below is a scroll bearing the motto, 'King & Country.' Jonathan Garton & Co., Hull, struck a halfpenny in 1791, having the triple crowns of the city arms on the one side, and an equestrian figure of King William III. on the other. The three crowns appear on another Hull halfpenny, which bears on the reverse a ship in full sail. A fine penny was issued in 1812 by J. K. Picard, of the Hull Lead Works, 'Payable in Bank of Eng^d or Hull Notes.' John Howard reappears on a 'Birmingham Promissory Halfpenny' of 1792, payable at 'H. Hickman's Warehouse.' Another Birmingham halfpenny, of 1793, having on the obverse an emblematical figure, and on the reverse the city arms, and the motto, 'Industry Has Its Sure Reward,' bears to be 'Current Everywhere.' A very interesting one, marked 'I. Alston Fecit, 1796,' has on one side a front view of a large building, with the inscription, 'Birm^m Poor House Halfpenny Token, Payable There.' On the reverse is a hive of bees—the application of which is not very apparent—and the inscription, 'For the Use of the Parish.' It is highly probable that this coin was used in paying the paupers their dole.

The Birmingham 1812 penny was issued by the Union Copper Company, 'Payable in Cash Notes,' and is a very handsome piece. Coventry has a good tokenage, in the design of which, as might be expected, the Lady Godiva on her palfrey takes a prominent position. This representation is invariably accompanied by the motto, 'Pro bono publico.' The opposite face generally shows the City Cross; but in one case at any rate this is replaced by an elephant and castle. Robert Reynolds & Co., and Thomas and Alexander Hutchison, both issued tokens in Coventry. A Kent halfpenny, issued in 1795 by Thomas Haycraft, Deptford, bears on the obverse a deck-view of the ill-fated 'Royal George,' surrounded by the sentiment, 'Prosperity to the Wooden Walls of Old England.' On the reverse is the motto, 'Kentish Liberty Preserved by Virtue & Courage, 1067,' encircling a somewhat fanciful portrayal of William the Conqueror's reception by the men of Kent. Another Kent halfpenny was issued 'For General Convenience' by W. Fuggles, Goudhurst, in 1794.

A Sheffield penny token of 1815 appears to be something of the same character as the Birmingham Poor House token of 1796, for it carries a view of a large plain-looking building, surrounded by the words, 'Overseers of the Poor.' The Lancaster halfpenny of 1792 has a fine impression of the head of John of Gaunt, and was issued by Thomas Worswick & Sons. The same year saw a token from John Kershaw, Rochdale, with the arms of the town on one side, and a weaver at his loom on the other. A very beautiful halfpenny was struck at York in 1795. On the obverse is a

finely executed perspective of the Minster, while the reverse bears an equally good view of Clifford's Tower. Round the edge is the inscription, 'York Built, A.M. 1223; Cathedral Rebuilt, A.D. 1075.' The Manchester halfpenny, issued in 1793, is payable also at Birmingham, London, and Bristol, and carries the civic arms, encircled by the words, 'Success to Navigation.'

Thomas Sharp, Portsmouth, issued a very interesting halfpenny, bearing on one side the inscription, 'St John Jervis with 15 sail pursued & defeated the Spanish fleet of 27 sail of the Line, February 14th, 1797;' and, on the other, Neptune crowning the Admiral with a laurel wreath. This token is very rare, as it was soon withdrawn, owing to the error in spelling the word 'pursued.' An Exeter halfpenny of 1792, from the warehouse of Samuel Kingdon, has the arms of the city on the obverse, and on the reverse a Bishop holding in one hand a Bible, and in the other a carding-comb! The legend is, 'Success to the Woollen Manufactory.'

James Tebays, Hastings, issued a halfpenny in 1794, with a ship, and the motto, 'Success & Safety Attend the Endeavour.' A Wainfleet token of 1793 is payable at the warehouse of D. Wright & S. Palmer, and informs the public that the place was founded by William Waynflete in 1459. A Maidstone halfpenny of 1795 has a figure of Justice, and the legend, 'The Spring of Freedom England's Blessing.' The motto on the Bath halfpenny is quaint, 'Alfred Ye Great Refounded Bath A.D. 900, and Surrounded it with Walls & Towers.' To illustrate this historical allusion the coin bears a head of King Alfred, and also a wall and towers. It was issued by Payne & Turner, silversmiths, but is not dated. The Bristol halfpenny, also undated, is a finely impressed coin. The legend on the obverse is, 'Success to the City of Bristol;' and on the reverse, 'Success to the Glass Manufactory'—a glass furnace being a prominent feature of the design. In 1811 the B. B. & Copper Company issued both a penny and a halfpenny, bearing the Bristol arms, but payable also at London and Swansea. Ipswich has a very fine halfpenny of 1794, with the City Cross on the obverse, issued at Conder's Drapery Warehouse. But good as is the Ipswich token, perhaps the best of all is from the same shire, the Blything Hundred halfpenny, struck in 1794. The impression is a most admirable one, and does great credit to the die-cutter. On the obverse is a gateway, flanked by towers, encircled by a garter bearing the motto, 'Liberty, Loyalty, Property,' and surmounted by a crown. The reverse shows a mounted trooper of the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry at full gallop. The inscription round the edge reads, 'God Save the King and Constitution.' It is a pity there is nothing to show who originated this beautiful and patriotic token.

A Cinque Port halfpenny, issued by John Crow, coppersmith, in 1794, and payable at Feversham, has a quaint representation of a ship. The Norwich halfpenny of 1794 came from the shop of Richard Bacon, Cockey Lane, and has a well-executed view of the Castle, with the somewhat significant motto, 'Good Times Will Come.' The same year saw a token

issued at Brighton Camp, with a head of George, Prince of Wales, on one side, and his well-known crest on the other. A halfpenny issued at Salisbury in 1796, by J. & T. Sharpe, has the arms of the city, surmounted by the words, 'Fine Teas, &c.'! On the reverse is the Cathedral Church of Sarum. A very handsome 'Commercial Halfpenny' was issued at Leek in 1793; and in 1795 another was current in the counties of Cambridge, Bedford, and Huntingdon. A penny token, undated, comes from Jackson & Lister, Barnsley. In 1811 one of similar value was circulated by J. Forrest & Co., nail and trace manufacturers, Lye Forge. The following year brought forth a Cornish penny, with the Prince of Wales's (Duke of Cornwall) feathers, 'Payable at Scorrier House. One Pound for 240 Tokens;' and also a fine penny from the British Copper Company at Landore and Walthamstow.

Coming now to Scotland, we have, first of all in 1790, the halfpenny issued by Thomas & Alexander Hutchison, Edinburgh, who appear also to be responsible for the Coventry token previously noticed. The Edinburgh token bears on the obverse the city arms, and on the reverse St Andrew with his cross, flanked by thistles, and surmounted by the motto, 'Nemo me impune lacesset.' A halfpenny of almost identical design appears in 1791, 'Payable at Edinburgh, Glasgow, & Dumfries.' In 1797, Joseph Archibald, seedsman, Edinburgh, issued a halfpenny; and in the following year a very fine one came from Anderson, Leslie, & Co. On the obverse is a view of the University of Edinburgh with the dome as originally designed, and on the reverse a husbandman standing, spade in hand, beside a tree. The inscription reads, 'Neu segnes jaceant terre; etiam montes conserere juvat.' In an undated Glasgow halfpenny the ubiquitous John Howard again turns up, the other face of the token bearing the civic arms and motto. A Glasgow token of 1791, 'Payable at the House of Gilbert Shearer & Co.,' has the arms on the obverse; and on the reverse an emblematical figure of the genius of the Clyde, with the motto, 'Nunquam arescere.' In 1813 there appeared a penny token from the Phoenix Iron Works, Glasgow, containing a view of the buildings.

Dundee has a capital series of 1797, comprising penny, halfpenny, and farthing. On the penny we have the Town House, founded in 1732, reversed by a view of some of the public warehouses on the quay, with the city arms underneath, and the very interesting inscription, 'Shipping of this Port, 8800 tons Regt.' This coin was payable by Thomas Webster, Junior. The halfpenny has on the obverse a view of Dudhope Castle, founded in 1660, and converted into a barracks in 1794; while the reverse shows a man heckling flax, and gives another interesting piece of information, namely, '3336 Tons Flax and Hemp Imported Here in 1796, Value £160128.' The farthing of 1797 has on one side the Trades' Hall, and on the other a horse drawing a loaded cart, and the motto, 'Sic itur ad opes.' Another Dundee farthing, undated, but initialed 'J. M. & Co.,' shows on the obverse a pair of scales, and on the reverse a soldier, with shouldered musket, flanked on

one side by a cannon, and on the other by a castle.

Perth has two good halfpence of 1797, one issued by Patrick Maxwell, who appears by the design to have been a manufacturer of rope or cordage; and the other by David Peters, wine and spirit merchant. Both have the city arms, with the alliterative motto, 'Pro rege, lege, et grege;' and Peters's coin has a representation of machinery used in the process of distillation. Another very fine halfpenny, circulated by John Ferrier, Perth, but undated, has a view of the stone bridge across the Tay, finished in 1770, and on the opposite face a fisherman drawing in his net, and the motto, 'Rete trahito fauste.' The Perth farthing of 1798 is a very beautiful little coin. On the obverse is Monk's Tower, and on the reverse a woman with a watering-can, engaged in sprinkling clothes, the inscription reading, 'In our Vicinity are the Finest Streams & Fields for Bleaching in Britain.'

In 1796 Bissett & Son, Montrose, issued a halfpenny token, with a view of the town and bridge, and an emblematical figure of Industry. Another Montrose halfpenny was issued in 1799, with the town arms, and a front elevation of the Montrose Lunatic Hospital in 1781.

Leith had a halfpenny tokenage in 1796, 'Payable at the House of John White, Kirkgate.' On the obverse is a view of the pier, with a ship in full sail, and the motto, 'Success to the Port of Leith.' The reverse shows a female figure seated, with scales in hand, while in front of her are a bale labelled 'Tea,' and, sad to say, a cask marked 'Gin.' Surely the designer did not intend a sly hit at the bibulous proclivities of the lady with the scales! The Leith halfpenny of 1797 calls for no remark, except that it appears to have been negotiable in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The capital of the Highlands was quite up to date in this matter of coinage, for at least as early as 1793 a well-designed halfpenny was issued by Macintosh, Inglis, & Wilson, Inverness, in which the cornucopia and 'Clachnacudain' both find a place. John Steele, Forfar, is the sponsor of an excellent token, with a view of that town in 1797; and there was also an issue of copper tokens at Culross, for the Wester Main Colliery.

Dublin supplies a neat halfpenny token, bearing the arms of the city, and the Harp of Erin upon a wave-washed rock, with the motto, 'God Grant Peace.' Another Dublin token, a penny, was issued in 1814 by E. Stephens. On one face is the crowned harp, and on the other a bust of the Iron Duke, and the legend, 'Wellington & Erin Go Bragh.' A halfpenny, issued in 1794, is 'Payable in Cork or Dublin.' Cronebane had a halfpenny token, with a bust of Bishop Blaize.

The Anglesey Mines' tokenage was payable in Anglesey, London, and Liverpool; and there was a North Wales halfpenny in 1793, payable in London, Liverpool, and Lancaster. Another North Wales token of the same year is payable at Redworth, Hinkley, or Nuneaton. A Manx halfpenny token of 1811, from Douglas, has on the one face Atlas bearing the universe on

his shoulders, and on the other the well-known 'Three Legs of Man.'

Colonial tokens form a numerous class, but, being generally issued by banking companies, they are outwith the scope of the present article. The study, however, if properly followed up, is a fascinating one; and it is often surprising to discover what a ray of light an insignificant-looking little copper token can sometimes throw upon the social life and history of our forefathers.

RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE, Maitland was spending an uneasy night. At the betrothal feast he had given Pennant more than one anxious glance; but the young Englishman's cool and sensible behaviour had induced him to hope that he had got the better of his mad infatuation, and that he had made up his mind not to proceed to extremities. On leaving the banqueting-hall, however, Maitland observed that Pennant's seat was empty. The Consul went hastily into the outside court of the Yamun to look for him. He could not see him anywhere; and not being able to feign any excuse to prolong his own visit, went home.

During the night, Maitland's latent uneasiness took the form of strange dreams. In these dreams Pennant himself no longer existed. The Consul found himself back again in the old days long before the birth of this young man. He was walking with Lady Margaret, who became once again the tall, slim, and fair maiden of his dreams. He awoke presently with her name on his lips. Surely it was a queer dream; he almost laughed to himself as he recalled it.

At this moment, Bryce entered the Consul's room and presented him with a note. 'A messenger from the Prefect's Yamun has brought this,' he exclaimed. 'The man comes direct from the prison, and I fear there is bad news.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Maitland; 'it has nothing to do with that fool-hardy boy, I hope?'

Bryce was silent.

Maitland tore open the note, which was a hasty scrawl in poor Pennant's writing. 'Your prophecies have come true,' he wrote. 'I was imprisoned last night in my attempt to rescue Amethyst. I am certain to go to the execution-ground unless you can devise some means of rescuing me. For my mother's sake, I beg of you to do what you can. I know that, after your warnings, I deserve nothing at your hands; still, if it is in your power to rescue me from a horrible fate, I am sure I shan't plead in vain.'

The letter was without signature.

'Bryce,' said Maitland in a choking voice, 'leave me for a few minutes. I must get up immediately. Wait in the anteroom until I come to you; and—hark you, Bryce—tell that fellow from the prison to wait.'

Bryce nodded, and left the room.

Maitland dressed himself in double-quick time and joined his servant in the anteroom.

'The poor lad is in the clutches of those brutes,' he said. 'My worst fears are realised. At any cost, he must be rescued. I won't write to him, Bryce, for the letter might get into the wrong hands, and only do mischief; but tell the fellow who brought it that he may assure Mr Pennant that I won't leave a stone unturned to save him. Send the man back with this message immediately, and then come to me.'

'Yes, sir,' said Bryce.

He saw the man from the prison, delivered the Consul's message, and further added from himself, that the young Englishman was regarded as a god in his own land, and that he had money to any extent. Bryce then went back to the Consul.

'Order my sedan-chair,' said Maitland. 'I must go without a moment's loss of time to the Prefect's Yamun.—No; I cannot wait for breakfast. There is no rest for me until I get the lad out of that infernal prison-house.'

On his way to the Prefecture, Maitland thought again of his dream of the previous night. 'I wondered why it was sent to me,' he said to himself; 'but now I clearly understand. If I had needed an incentive to help that poor lad, the dream of his mother as she was in the old days would give it. The fact is, I could never hold up my head again if her boy met with a violent end in this place.'

Maitland reached the Yamun, and sent in an immediate message to request the Prefect to grant him an interview.

He was asked to wait in one of the ante-rooms while the messenger carried his request to Le.

Meanwhile, Le, aided by Wang's spiteful words and bitter insinuations, was hard at work. Early as it still was in the morning, he had already written and despatched a hasty letter to the Viceroy of the Province. In this mendacious epistle, he reported that a violent riot, instigated by a foreign rowdy, had broken out the evening before in the city; that after his men had performed prodigies of valour, the rioters had been dispersed and the leader made prisoner. As this man was a dangerous character, the Prefect begged leave of the Viceroy to send him to instant execution. This document, the moment it was written, was despatched to the provincial capital, and the Prefect sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief. He even laughed aloud in his fiendish glee. 'That document will settle the fate of the foreign barbarian,' he said, turning to Wang.

Wang bowed, and expressed his satisfaction at hearing the Prefect's opinion; and Ming, who at this moment entered the room, was further informed of the hopeful position of affairs.

'There is nothing for us now but revenge,' exclaimed the Prefect; 'and revenge we are likely to have.'

The three men were busy talking over these matters, when a servant entered the study with the message of the English Consul.

'Leave the room, and return when I call,' said Le.

The man made a low bow, and retired. Le looked at Wang, who, in his turn, gave a glance of quick interrogation, first at Ming, and then at the Prefect.

'It is evident,' said Wang, 'that the English Consul has got wind of the Englishman's imprisonment. If he interferes, we may yet lose all.'

'Not we. I'll undertake to manage him,' said the Prefect. 'I'll decline to see him.'

'Lai!' (Come!) he shouted. When the servant appeared, he gave him an obsequious message. 'Tell the English Consul,' he said, 'that I much regret being obliged to decline the honour of an interview with him; but sudden and severe illness makes it impossible for me to see him to-day.'

The man immediately retired, and repeated this message to Maitland, who received it with outward quietness. He immediately left the Yamun, entered his sedan-chair, and told the bearers to take him back to the Consulate. When he reached home, he desired Bryce to follow him at once to his private study.

'It's just as I feared, Bryce,' he said; 'the Prefect is evidently bent on revenge. Whispers have reached me that he is furiously angry, and I have not the least doubt that he has already asked for an order from the Viceroy for that poor lad's execution. In short, if we don't take immediate and serious steps, Mr Pennant's life will be the forfeit. The Prefect has refused to grant me an interview on a trivial pretext, and I can see that it is war to the knife.'

'What do you think of doing, sir?' asked Bryce.

'It is war to the knife,' repeated Maitland—'war to the knife; and whoever is first in the field wins.—Leave me for a few minutes, Bryce. I must write a letter to the Prefect, which you will take to him immediately.'

Bryce withdrew; and Maitland sat before his desk. He was always a determined-looking man. As he wrote, the expression of his face grew hard and firm. His letter ran as follows:

(After Compliments).—'I have been made acquainted with the fact that you have committed an Englishman of the name of James Pennant to prison in your Yamun. I claim his release immediately, and will undertake to be responsible for his custody. May every prosperity be yours. RICHARD MAITLAND.'

This letter was addressed to the Prefect, and despatched immediately.

In the course of the afternoon, Maitland received the following reply:

'Respectfully I beg to thank Your Excellency for your communication. James Pennant is a prisoner in the prison-house of my Yamun. I have, in accordance with usage, referred his case to the Viceroy of the Province, and am therefore unable to act in the matter of the prisoner's release without his instructions. May ten thousand happinesses be in store for you. LE.'

When Maitland read this unsatisfactory letter, his face turned very white. He motioned to the messenger to await his reply, and went

back to his study. He summoned Bryce, who appeared immediately.

'You know the English frigate lying off the port, don't you?' he asked.

'Yes, sir—the *Rattler*.'

'I shall require you to take a message to the Captain directly. In the meantime, wait here while I write a reply to the Prefect's letter.'

Maitland then hastily wrote as follows:

(After Compliments).—'As English Consul, I insist upon the release of the Englishman, James Pennant. If he has not been committed to my custody within twelve hours from now, I shall enforce my claim with the assistance of the Captain of Her Majesty's ship *Rattler*, at present lying off the port. May your happiness continue and increase. RICHARD MAITLAND.'

RICHARD MAITLAND.'

This letter was despatched immediately; but Maitland waited in vain for any reply. The facts were these: Le only wanted time to carry out his own fiendish schemes. He thought the Viceroy's answer would in all probability reach him that evening. If so, Pennant could be executed in the morning. When Pennant was no more, it would be easy to dare the English Consul to do his worst.

When the sun went down, the letter so eagerly expected arrived. It consisted of eulogies on the Prefect's conduct in having preserved the peace of the city, and gave full consent to the execution of the ringleader.

'It is as I hoped,' exclaimed Le. 'The disgrace on my house shall be fully avenged, and that foreign devil shall go to his doom in the morning.'

'I should wish to be present at the execution,' said Wang, over whose sallow face a glow of satisfaction was now visible.

'Yes, you shall come,' said Le. 'You also, Ming, shall accompany us to witness the barbarian's last agonies.'

Le Ming, however, was silent. He was too cowardly to dare to express his real sentiments, but in reality he did not wish his quondam friend to die. He had seen Amethyst in the course of the day, and the poor girl's agonies of distress, and piteous entreaties to him to save Pennant, had disturbed him disagreeably. It was distasteful to him to see suffering of any sort; and as it was inevitable that poor Pennant must pay the price of his rashness with his life, Le Ming trusted that Wang would quickly marry the miserable little Amethyst, and so take her out of his sight. He was hurrying to his own apartments, intending to soothe his fears with a pipe of opium, when he was startled by feeling a light hand laid on his arm, and looking round, he saw his sister.

'I managed to evade my jailers, and I am here,' she exclaimed. 'I know the worst. The Viceroy has ordered the Englishman to be executed in the morning.'

'You know nothing of the kind,' replied Ming.

Amethyst looked at him fixedly. 'What is the use of telling lies at a moment like this?' she answered. 'Don't I know my nation and its ways? You must help me.'

'I cannot, Amethyst. It is as much as

my life is worth even to be seen talking with you.'

'No one sees us,' replied Amethyst. 'But if you don't promise to help me, I'll scream as loud as ever I can until some one comes.'

'Come into my room,' said Ming, drawing his sister roughly forward as he spoke.

'Now,' he said, 'what do you want me to do?'

'I have written a note to the English Consul; here it is. I want you to take it to him immediately.'

'You must be mad!'

'I am not mad. This note must reach the Consul somehow to-night.'

'You have lost all sense of decency and honour,' said Ming in disgust. 'You are infatuated—beside yourself. I cannot listen to your wild and wicked words another moment.'

Amethyst covered her face with her hands. 'I am in despair,' she moaned—'in such dreadful despair that I cannot even cry. Your cruel words do not hurt me—nothing hurts me but the death of the man I love. Surely, Ming, even you, hard as you are, cannot wish him to die?'

'That is true enough,' replied Ming. 'I have no personal dislike to the Englishman. He committed the blackest of crimes when he aspired to your hand. Before that incident, I liked him.'

'Then prove your liking. Take this note to the Consul. You need not see him. Deliver the note to one of his servants, and come away.'

'If I do this for you, Amethyst, will you do something in return for me?'

'Yes, if I can.'

'Will you marry Wang quietly to-morrow evening, and go away?'

'If Wang insists upon it, I will.' Amethyst's face looked pale and resolved.

Le Ming took the note without another word, and she glided back to her own apartments.

That evening late, poor Amethyst's badly written and distracted note was slipped softly into Bryce's hand by a Chinese messenger who crept up to him under cover of the dusk. Bryce took the letter at once to his master. It only contained these words: 'The Englishman's doom is sealed—unless you save him, he will be executed in the morning.'

Maitland read the note, and handed it to his servant. 'We have not made our preparations a moment too soon,' he said with a grim smile.

The following morning dawned with a thick yellow fog. Pennant, after going through twenty-four hours of every conceivable agony both of mind and body, had fallen into a light sleep. The prisoner whom he had bribed to carry his note to Maitland sat at a little distance watching the young man's pale face as it was reflected by the light of a greasy lamp. It is not in the nature of the ordinary Chinaman to yield to painful emotion, and although Sing knew that the foreigner must die, his sole regret now consisted in the thought that those bribes which he hoped to wring from him would cease.

A jailer came in, kicking Sing aside as he did so. He went up to the Englishman and shook him roughly. 'You are ordered to instant execution—get up,' he said.

Pennant started, and for a moment looked round him in a state of bewilderment. When so cruelly awakened, he had been indulging in pleasant dreams: he was once more back in England—he was with his mother—Amethyst was by his side—all was well. The appalling reality caused his brave spirit to quail for an instant.

'What are you lingering for?' said the jailer. 'Come along at once. His Excellency, Le, is waiting outside. It will be all the worse for you if you keep him.'

'I am ready,' answered Pennant. With a strong effort, he pulled himself together. Whatever happened, he must meet his fate like a man. 'My real sorrow is for Amethyst,' he murmured under his breath; 'she will be left to the tender mercies of that brute Wang.'

The jailer loosened his chain, and he followed the man out of the prison with a steady step. A little crowd of people had already formed just outside the gates of the prison. Le and Wang were there in sedan-chairs.

The moment Pennant appeared, he was seized with brutal roughness by two or three coolies, who flung him into a basket which was slung on a pole. The pole was lifted at either end by a couple of men, who immediately started forward at a quick trot. They were followed by a number of lictors; and the rear of the procession was brought up by the Prefect and Wang in their state chairs. This gloomy procession had almost reached the dismal execution-ground, when a sudden shout arose on the foggy morning air. It pierced the thick gloom like a knife, and aroused poor Pennant from a sort of semi-delirium into which he had sunk. He seemed to himself to be far away from his present horrible surroundings. The thought even of Amethyst had faded from his mind: he thought that he was talking to his mother, and he felt a thrill of comfort as he listened to her soft tones in reply.

Suddenly the hearty cry of English voices awoke him to full and vigorous consciousness. He sat up, looked eagerly round him, and made frantic efforts to get out of the basket. His chains prevented this; but his quick eyes had already seen the welcome face of Maitland. The Consul was accompanied by a couple of naval officers and some twenty to thirty blue-jackets. When Maitland saw the gloomy little procession, he stopped, and spoke eagerly to the Captain of the frigate who walked by his side.

'Merciful heavens! Rice,' he exclaimed, 'we are only barely in time. That poor girl only spoke the truth in her note. The Prefect wanted to steal a march on us. That unfortunate wretch in the basket on his way to execution is no other than poor Pennant.'

'Is it indeed?' exclaimed the Captain. 'Well, we'll soon set him free.' He turned to his men. 'The prisoner in that basket is the Englishman whom you want to release,' he said; 'now is your time.'

With a truly British cheer the sailors rushed

at the guards. They made a slight resistance, but quickly took to flight, leaving their prisoner on the ground.

Wang shrank back in terror in his sedan-chair; but the Prefect, supported by the rage which consumed him, would not let his prey go so easily. He struggled out of his chair, and, with most unwonted activity, rushed at Maitland, who was bending over Pennant and trying to loosen his chains. The angry Prefect began to use fists and feet with wonderful zeal, and Maitland might have had some trouble in defending himself, if a sailor, seeing the position of affairs, had not suddenly rushed to the rescue. He caught hold of the Prefect's tail, wound it round his hand, and gave that lofty mandarin so vigorous a pull that it laid him prostrate.

Several sailors now came up, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in removing Pennant's heavy chains. They then seized hold of the Prefect's sedan-chair, and carefully lifted the young man into it. An imperative order was given to the red-tasselled and official-coated bearers, who, afraid to disobey, carried the young man to the Consulate.

AT 'SIMPSON'S.'

CHESS, like coffee and many other things, came from the East. It has, of course, in passing from India to Europe become somewhat unlike the original game, for the genius of the Western mind has left its impress upon it—the European, his mark—and certain modifications have resulted. But it was very good of Chess to travel westwards, for it might, like those mysterious beings, the Mahâtmas, have preferred to remain in some dark, unfathomable region of the East. Its coming hither has certainly given many an hour of enjoyment to thousands, and the number who find pleasure in the game is constantly increasing. The match between Steinitz and Lasker, recently finished; the competition between North and South; besides many other meetings of recent date—these all show that the interest in the ancient game is more than maintained.

The defeat of Steinitz by a young player like Lasker has been the subject of conversation in chess circles recently, and it is clear that Lasker's play is to some extent a revelation to many. He plays a strictly defensive game, and, like a wary general, he always manages to profit by the slightest mistake on the part of his opponent. The play of the young champion is not, therefore, particularly brilliant, but is exceedingly careful. It is clear that Lasker has no belief in fireworks.

The chess centre of London is, as all the world knows, 'Simpson's.' The Divan, as it is called, is the place where, at some time or other, every chess-player of note may be seen. Here it is that the English professional Bird reigns, and, unlike some reigning monarchs, he is to be seen almost daily. Entering Simpson's at any hour after noon, Bird is the first individual you note; and, however long you may remain, he is certain to be there when you leave. Bird has been playing chess for

fifty years, and he is still in the very front rank of the Masters. Yet he is always ready to play with a young amateur, and will readily explain and assist the novice to a right understanding of the game. Bird is a quick player. The writer took notes of a game between Bird and a foreign professional some time ago, and whilst Bird made seventy moves in an hour, the foreign player occupied nearly four hours for the same number of moves. And Bird won!

Blackburne, the well-known blindfold player, is sometimes to be seen at Simpson's. In the course of conversation with him recently, he told the writer that most people were of opinion that he could play better if he did not see the board. Blackburne advised the writer never to take the odds of a piece, as a victory gained under such conditions is never satisfactory. Blackburne is, like Bird, in the front rank of English players. He moves without hesitation, whether blindfold or otherwise; and he is undoubtedly the best blindfold player of the day. Bird does not practise blindfold play; and few men are equal to the strain. Blackburne is getting into years. He is, however, very bright and cheerful, in spite of the fact that he has been playing more years than he cares to remember. One thing he told the writer recently, when playing a game, was that the amateur play of the present day is far better than at any previous period.

Whilst Blackburne is a rare visitor at Simpson's, a young Frenchman named Rollond is there almost daily. This player hails from France by way of Tonquin. He filled a post of some kind when the French first went to Tonquin; but as M. Rollond is fond of chess and is an expert player, he seems to have made a home for himself in England, and a special home from noon daily at Simpson's. The writer has played many a game with him, and has in every instance sustained defeat. The Frenchman plays a very strong game, and few amateurs can beat him.

Many other masters of chess may be seen at Simpson's. There is a professional there daily, and he is known as 'the old Frenchman.' He is a little old man, who speaks but rarely, and when he does, it is in his own language. He plays a fairly strong game, and is not usually caught napping. He always sits in the same seat, and appears absorbed in thought. Rumour has it that the little man has been playing at Simpson's more years than most people can remember, and that he has always been known as 'the old Frenchman.'

If Simpson's never suffers for lack of 'Masters,' there is also plenty of amateur play going on, and that of the best. Strong players, both London and provincial, not to speak of colonials, pay frequent visits. Simpson's is a magnet which draws hither those who love chess. It therefore follows that many a clergyman, after attending a 'May Meeting' at Exeter Hall, hard by, drops in for a quiet game. And some clergymen play chess very well indeed, many being more at home at the chess-board than when in the pulpit.

Chess is also played a good deal by professional men; and barristers, solicitors, bankers,

stockbrokers, as well as the lesser fry of the busy microcosm of London, drop in at Simpson's for a game. These amateurs are in many instances strong players, and a professional player now and again has to acknowledge his master in the shape of a banker or stockbroker. But it is usually the other way about, and many a 'strong' amateur—'strong,' that is, in his own estimation—sustains a crushing defeat at the hands of Bird, Fenton, or some other professional player. The writer has in his mind's eye the figure of a 'strong' man from a provincial town. He entered Simpson's with an air of assurance, and took a seat opposite Bird. He then commenced humming an air from an opera, and afterwards said carelessly to Bird: 'Do you play chess?'—Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he afterwards said that he was the strongest player in his town, and that he had defeated a professional who had once visited the place. Bird expressed his pleasure at hearing this, as he liked to play with strong players. The amateur then commenced playing, humming a tune to himself the while. He moved very rapidly, and appeared to be making the book moves of one of the regular openings. But Bird's defence was of a peculiar kind, involving the sacrifice of pieces for a position. At the sixteenth move Bird called 'Check,' and at the eighteenth he announced, 'Mate in two.' The face of the amateur was twice as long as at the commencement of the game, and the humming of operative airs had quite ceased. Other games followed; but the 'strong' amateur lost three games in less than an hour. It may be guessed that he left the building a sadder and a wiser man, and with a special knowledge of the different degrees of strength in chess.

But let it not be supposed that strong players do not hail from provincial towns. The strongest players are, of course, in London; but there are many players who can hold their own with the best London men, and there is a continual improvement in this respect.

One word of advice to lovers of chess all the world over. If you wish to improve your play, do not forget to drop in occasionally at Simpson's.

ROMANTIC TALES OF INDIAN WAR.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

PART II.

FROM the date of the repulse of the British from Bhurtpore in 1805 till 1825, the Rajah of Bhurtpore faithfully observed the treaty entered into with the British, as related in the first part of these tales; and in 1824 the reigning Rajah, Baldeo Sing, a few months before his death, got the British Government to recognise his only son, a boy of five years of age, as his heir. A few months after this recognition, Baldeo Sing slept with his fathers, and his son, Bulwunt Sing, reigned in his stead, under the guardianship of a maternal uncle. But the late Rajah had a nephew, named Doorjun Sal, an ambitious, bold, and bad man,

who, in defiance of the guarantee of the British Government, dared to usurp the throne of Bhurtpore. Seizing the citadel, he murdered the uncle and guardian of the young Rajah, making a prisoner of the boy, Bulwunt Sing, but not then daring to put him to death, being somewhat in dread of the power of the British, but mainly because he was not sure how far he would be supported in his usurpation by Scindia, Holkar, and the other chiefs of Rajputana. Sir David Ochterlony was then the Resident at Delhi, and he immediately sent a demand to the usurper for the surrender of young Bulwunt Sing, the rightful and recognised heir to the throne of Bhurtpore. This demand was defiantly refused; and the British Government recognised the fact that if the life of Bulwunt Sing, the rightful Rajah, was to be saved, no time must be lost in useless negotiations before sending an army to lay siege to Bhurtpore in the cause of the young Rajah.

The British well remembered the failure of Lord Lake to capture this famous fortress in 1805, and recognised the fact that a second defeat might prove disastrous to British supremacy in India, and would certainly raise hostilities with every power from Pegu to the Punjab, the first Burmese war having just been finished, and the Court of Ava far from friendly. Besides, the former successful defence of Bhurtpore was still the favourite boast of every open and secret enemy of the British power in India, and large forces from every robber clan in Central India were assembling to fight under the banner of Doorjun Sal, the usurper, against the British. By that time my friend Rahim Buksh, the narrator of these stirring events, had risen to a position of trust in the Quarter-master-general's department, and having seen the former siege, and knowing Bhurtpore well, he was deputed to go in advance of the army in the secret service of the Government, whilst the army was being massed under the command of General Lord Combermere. Rahim Buksh reached Bhurtpore in November 1825; and the following account is almost in his own words, as nearly as they can be translated into English.

When Rahim Buksh reached Bhurtpore, he found Rajah Doorjun Sal, the usurper, actively preparing to give the British a warm reception, and proudly boasting that he had a lakh (one hundred thousand) armed men under his command, composed of the most warlike tribes in India, chiefly Jhats, Rajputs, Rohillas, and a few thousand Afghan adventurers. Besides, the fortress had been greatly strengthened since the repulse of the British in 1805. The great moat was now flanked by thirty-five towering bastions, and by the earthworks of nine gates; and one of the new bastions was of enormous size, and vauntingly named 'The Bastion of Victory,' reported to have been built on the

bones of the British slain in the former siege; and the prediction of the Brahmin who had advised the building of this bastion—namely, 'That if a bastion was built on the bones of the British, Bhurtpore would remain impregnable till an alligator [a *khumeer*] would come from beyond the sea and drink the moat dry.' The time had now arrived to test the truth of the prophecy, and Doorjun Sal, the usurper, had summoned all the famous artists of Upper India, principally from Agra and Delhi, to Bhurtpore to decorate the walls of the houses of the principal streets of the city with pictures representing the former defeat of the British. And the whole city was placarded with copies of the famous prophecy, translated into every language and dialect of Upper India; and Brahmins were employed every day to chant it in the temples of the gods and through the streets of the city. But the Mohammedan population stood entirely aloof from all this, and offered prayers daily in their homes and in their mosques for the success of the British.

Matters stood thus in December 1825, when General Lord Combermere, with an army of twenty-one thousand men, a siege-train of one hundred heavy guns, and a well-equipped force of engineers, opened the second siege of Bhurtpore. But the cannon made but little impression on the thick mud walls of sun-dried bricks. The round-shot merely embedded themselves in the walls, and remained there, rather adding to their strength than otherwise. So with the shells; they pierced the ramparts and burst, and portions of the wall-face were blown out, but no breach was made. During this time, however, the British engineers were quietly at work underground, whilst the Rajah Doorjun Sal was daily holding a durbar levee, to receive the reports of the commanders from the different posts and bastions, and as regularly boasting that he would build another Bastion of Victory on the bones of the British.

All this time Lord Combermere had made no useless assaults, knowing well that the taking of the fortress depended more on the skill of his engineers than on hard fighting. Major Galloway, afterwards well known as General Galloway—the author of a valuable work on the Mud Forts of India—and a young lieutenant named Forbes, were the most skilful engineer officers with the force; and the first task they set themselves was to find the underground channel which supplied the moat with water. After a careful survey, this was discovered, and the supply of water cut off. The next operation was to run saps into the moat to drain it dry. Whilst this was being done, the rest of the engineers were quietly driving a great mine under the Bastion of Victory.

The British army had then been more than a month before Bhurtpore, and still the walls were apparently as strong as ever, the cannonade making little or no impression on them; and about this time General Lord Combermere had humanely sent a flag of truce to the usurper with a proposal to allow all the women and children to retire from the city. But Doorjun Sal vauntingly refused to listen, and told the deputation to bring first an alligator

from beyond the sea to drink the moat dry—then, and not till then, would the Jhats listen to proposals to permit their women and children to retire.

A few days after this, the usurper was, as usual, holding the morning durbar, and boasting more defiantly than ever, having just given an order that the famous prophecy was that day to be chanted through the streets by a thousand Brahmins. Just at that moment an officer from the ramparts rushed into the durbar hall with the astounding intelligence that the moat was dry, and that the whole of the British army was under arms, apparently waiting for some signal or great event, because the bombardment from the batteries had ceased. The boasting of the Rajah was at once turned into consternation; and as soon as he could speak, he called on the chief Brahmin to explain the unlooked-for phenomenon of the drying of the moat, and asked if any one had seen the alligator. But all were silent, till a poor Mohammedan, in the garb of a fakir, without hands, ears, or nose—having been mutilated by the order of Doorjun Sal for killing a cow in the neighbourhood of Bhurtpore just after the usurpation—forced his way through the guards into the durbar hall, and holding up his mutilated stumps in front of the usurper, he addressed him in the language of the holy Koran: 'The boasting of the unbeliever is an abomination in the sight of God. Walk not proudly in the land, for verily thou canst not cleave the earth, neither shalt thou equal the mountains in stature. Allah hu Akbar [God alone is great]. In thy pride, and in the wickedness of thine heart, thou hast been misled by a deceiving prophecy. The British General is the alligator that was to come—his name is Lord *Kumbeer*.' (The native pronunciation of Combermere, and Hindustani for alligator.) 'The ashes of your father are defiled, and the name of your mother is brought low. Thine own name and race shall be blotted out. For God alone is great; and thou, in the pride of thine heart, hast harassed and mutilated his servants. In less than forty minutes, the British General and his army will be in this hall.'

Just at that moment an explosion shook the city like an earthquake. The British engineers had exploded a mine charged with thirty-three tons of powder, and the boasted Bastion of Victory was blown to atoms.

Immediately after the explosion, half of the British army advanced to the assault, led by Major-generals Reynell and Sir Jasper Nicolls, and passing over the bones of those who had fallen in 1805, the Bhurtpore gunners were bayoneted at their guns, and over eight thousand of Doorjun Sal's army lay dead around the Bastion of Victory; but this time it meant victory for the British, and the total killed was over fourteen thousand of all ranks; whilst the loss of the British was under six hundred killed and wounded.

Immediately on the explosion of the mine, Doorjun Sal, the usurper, with his favourite wife and two sons, fled from the city, accompanied by an escort of forty horsemen, taking refuge in the jungles of Bhurtpore, where he

was captured next day by a troop of British cavalry sent in pursuit of him. Bulwunt Sing, the rightful heir, was found confined in a dungeon of the palace, and was at once reseated on his father's throne; and in consideration of his life having been spared, the British Government dealt leniently with the usurper: he was sent to the fortress of Allahabad, and kept a state prisoner there till the day of his death.

For his services in the capture, Lord Combermere, the alligator, was created Viscount Combermere of Bhurtpore; and the Maharajahs of Bhurtpore have ever since remained loyal to the British Government. But Rahim Buksh stated that many of the pictures painted by order of Doorjun Sal of the defeat of the British in 1805 were still to be seen on the walls of the principal street in 1857, thirty years after they were painted. He also stated that a Captain Carmichael, a native of Edinburgh, was the officer who led the forlorn-hope and the first to crown the breach of Bhurtpore.

A CATTLE 'ROUND-UP.'

THERE are many novel sights to be witnessed by a stranger 'out west,' of which one of the most interesting is undoubtedly a 'Round-up,' or assembling of a vast herd of cattle at some fixed rendezvous on the prairie for branding or other purposes. The most important round-up takes place in the spring of the year. About the end of April or beginning of May several cattlemen in one district combine, and, with their bands of cowboys, ride forth over the surrounding country, driving all the cattle they find into one large herd. These animals frequently wander over seventy and eighty miles from their original starting-point, and this often makes the work of gathering them together a long business, lengthening from weeks to months if the area of country to be covered is extensive.

The riders have a hard time of it, as they almost live in their saddles during the cattle-drive, and it is extraordinary how the small-limbed 'bronchos' can stand the constant strain of work. By day, the cowboys scour the prairies, hunt the woods, creek bottoms, and mountainous ravines, for stray beasts; and even when night comes on and a halt is made, the herd has to be guarded by horsemen, who are stationed round them like sentinels. Even the fortunate riders whose turn it is to rest lie down to sleep on the ground without divesting themselves of any clothes, nor dare they unsaddle their horses, lest the cattle should stampede. A stampede in a large herd is very dangerous. A thunder-storm may cause it, although sometimes there seems no possible reason to assign for it; but a panic suddenly seizes the whole herd, and they break away with a mad rush which the cowboys are powerless to control. On they thunder for miles, making the prairie tremble under their hoofs, until their wild career is checked by a river or some formidable obstacle, which enables the pursuing cowboys to overtake them and reduce them to order again.

'Milling' is another strange performance in

which cattle sometimes indulge, and in trying to stop this, a cowboy often risks his life, and many lose it. Quite suddenly an animal begins to move round and round; at once, another follows it, then two or three more, until, in a few minutes, a large number of beasts are rushing round in a comparatively small circle. Faster and faster they go, until some animal, unable to keep up the pace, and pressed on from behind, falls, and is quickly trampled beneath the tread of the others. Another is borne down, and yet another, while the cowboys do their best to break the circle. Lariats fly through the air; and at last several of the frenzied creatures are successfully roped and dragged out of the *melée*, and the 'mill' is stopped. But, as the cattle move away, there are quite a number of dead and dying beasts left on the ground, who have fallen in this extraordinary performance, and had no chance to rise again. 'Ever Ready' has to be the motto of every western cowboy, and, as a rule, he is found prepared for any emergency that may happen.

A 'grub-wagon,' containing food, accompanies every round-up; and the camp cook has no easy task of it at times to satisfy the different tastes of so many palates.

Day after day the herd moves on, increasing its numbers all the time, until, as it approaches the rendezvous, its proportions reach many thousands of head, and the progress is necessarily slow. If the cattle are assembled in a settled neighbourhood, the last day of the round-up causes great excitement at the different ranches, and early in the morning, buggies and spring-wagons, filled with spectators, hasten to the rendezvous to see them arrive. Presently, a huge thick cloud of dust is seen on the prairie, and very soon a peculiar noise, like the moaning roar of an angry sea, is borne to the listener's ears. It is the sound produced by the continuous bellowing from such an immense herd as they march slowly forward; and it is very impressive when first heard.

The cattle are at last massed together under the shadow of the big red rock, and the riders indulge in a short rest while waiting for the stragglers to come up. It is a never-to-be-forgotten scene. There, in the vast herd, are representatives of many distinct breeds of cattle: the big-horned, rough Texan offers a great contrast to the beautiful imported Devons and Durbanes; while the huge-framed Herefords with their broad white faces look strangely out of place on the western prairie. The most striking of all are unquestionably the black-and-white Holsteins, or 'belted' cattle, as they are called.

The riders are even more interesting to study. The cowboys are extremely picturesque in their fringed 'chaparajoo' or leather riding-trousers, big sombreros, and gaudy handkerchiefs knotted carelessly round their necks. They often have long hair, and wear embroidered leather gauntlet gloves, a sign of cowboy 'dandyism.' But never is the formidable revolver absent; it is always stuck conspicuously in their bullet belts. Here and there amongst them is seen a swarthy Mexican, whose magnificent saddle and bridle of worked leather, beautifully ornamented with

real silver, would bring him a goodly pile of dollars if he would sell it to the desiring purchasers. Some of these Mexican saddles and bridles are works of art, and, being frequently heirlooms, the owners are always reluctant to part with them, unless forced thereto by poverty. The 'cattle-kings'—as the owners of several thousands of cattle are called—can scarcely be distinguished during a round-up from the ordinary cowboys, as they dress like them, only, as a rule, they ride a better stamp of horse. Smaller cattlemen, whose beasts may only number a hundred or two, arrive in great force, anxious to find their property in the round-up.

Every now and then some excitement takes place. A wild young steer breaks from the ranks and careers away; but the nearest rider is after him like a shot, and heads him back again. Should he prove rebellious, the cowboy quickly unwinds his lariat from the horn of his saddle, whirls it round his head, and with such sure aim, that it falls over the fugitive's horns. The same moment the well-trained cow-pony spins round on his hind-legs in his stride; and the unexpected jerk on the rope brings the steer to the ground, from which he rises considerably subdued and more manageable. Another essays to escape, and gets such a good start, that the pursuing cowboy sees he cannot overtake it on his tired broncho, and at once resorts to a clever trick. Riding away at an angle from the runaway, he suddenly fires his revolver just in front of it, and as the bullet whizzes by, the creature swerves round; and, by continuing this firing, the cowboy works him back in the right direction once more. Here a cowboy dashes up with a calf in front of his saddle. It is the best way to carry it, as it has fallen from exhaustion on the prairie; but it looks very helpless, and decidedly uncomfortable with its fore-legs dangling on one side of the horse's neck, and its hind-legs on the other. Another rider is rougher in his treatment, and comes galloping up 'snaking' (dragging) another worn-out little creature along the ground by means of a lariat with which he has roped it, and apparently quite regardless of any broken limbs the calf may incur by it.

And now most of the stragglers have come up, and the work begins of separating the cattle of the different owners into smaller herds and groups. The cowboys display marvellous cleverness in extricating any selected animal from the general mass, dashing into the thick of the herd, and, though the animal they want may dodge them for a short time, it cannot long evade them, and is driven forth.

Meanwhile, big fires have been lighted all about, and the branding-irons put in to heat. When these are red-hot, the real work begins. The cattlemen know their own calves as they are running by their mothers, who are already branded; and when everything is ready, one of these calves is roped, thrown down, and held while the red-hot iron burns down through hair and skin deep into the quivering flesh. Then the trembling creature is allowed to rise, and staggers away, and another victim is seized and made to receive its baptism of fire. No doubt, it is absolutely necessary to brand cattle

where thousands roam together; but all the same, it strikes one as a very barbarous practice, especially when, in many cases, the owners find it necessary to further mutilate their property to keep them out of the clutches of unscrupulous individuals, who do not hesitate to alter a brand in some way, and then claim it for their own. For instance, say, a cattle-kings' brand is X, and his cattle are all marked with it; what is easier than adding a simple circle to it, which a cattle thief will probably do, and claim the animal as his because it bears *his* brand? To prevent this, the owners often adopt some further distinguishing mark, as by putting tin clips in the ears, cutting pieces out, burning bars along the cheek, or cutting a long piece of skin along the throat, which is left to hang down and dry, when it is called a 'dew-lap.'

When the last calf is branded and the number of the herd calculated, the round-up is over, and the cattle are allowed to disperse. They move slowly away, scattering as they go; and many will gradually find their way back to the distant ranges whence they have been driven. The paying-up and disbandment of the cowboys is often followed by their spending a riotous time in the nearest mining camp.

When the round-up is over, many small settlers, who are possessed of easy consciences where honour is concerned, sally forth, hoping to come across some calf or two-year-old which may have escaped the branding iron, and these, if met with, they do not hesitate to run quietly into their corrals and clap on their own brand, although they probably have a good idea whose property it is. These unbranded cattle are called 'mavericks;' and when it has been noticed that, occasionally, some ranchman shows great increase in his stock, perhaps *three* calves to one cow in a year, people are heard to remark that he must have done a good trade in mavericks during the last twelvemonth. A second round-up takes place in the autumn; but it is not so important as the spring assembly, being for the purpose of selecting the best steers out of the herds to make into beef and ship away to the big cities.

LOVERS APART.

WE meet, and speak, and part, as friends may do,
With smile or jest; but deep within our eyes,
And trembling on our meeting palms, there lies
A love unuttered, not less deep and true
Than when your lips touched mine, and, questioning,
drew

My love's confession, under sunnier skies.
This busy Love, whose quivering shuttle flies
With shining, golden thread—and crimson, through
Our life, still weaves us soul to soul in thrall
To work, with hearts kept warm; and, trusting
grown,

Find hope in darkest lives; since, spite the wall
Impalpable, impenetrable, thrown
By Fate between us, each can say: 'In all
This restless world, just this one heart's my own.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.